If e'er by doubts
Of Thy good fatherhood depressed,
'I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold Thou my hands!

And when at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands:

A DAUGHTER OF THESPIS.

BY JOHN D. BARRY.

(Copyright: 1894: By The Tribune Association.) CHAPTER XXVII.

When they arrived at Appleby Terrace, Evelyn asked Seymour to come in and dine with them. This was the first time during the season she had invited him to dinner; the summer before he had been a guest at Mrs. Appleby's table at least three times a week. It was a great concession, and Seymour showed his appreciation by accepting the invitation with alacrity. At table Mrs. Cohn asked a great many questions about the rehearsal, and it formed the chief topic of conversation during the meal. The Misses Coffey, in brilliant array, listened eagerly, though they pretended to be absorbed in the antics of Miss Genevieve's dog, which, in defiance of Mrs. Appleby's mandate and disregard of their promise, they had again brought into the dining-room. He was an ugly little mongrel, with sheepish eyes and a restless tall.

"Ain't he sweet?" Miss Genevieve cried to her sister, holding up the dog to the edge of the table. "He's jest the sweetest fing on the block, so he is. Yes, oo is a sweet pet," she went on, trying to bury her nose in the dog's face. "Oo is the sweetest doggle on the block." As she relterated this compliment Mrs. Appleby, crowned with the sailor cap, entered the room and glared at her; but Miss Genevieve continued her endearments with a fine air of unconsciousness. Finally the descendant of the American Indians, with a look of mingled rage and despair in her face, tore out of the room.

"Oh!" cried Miss Genevieve-the sisters always conversed in loud tones, as if no one else were present-"I felt so embahrrassed lahst night; I was walking up to the plahzza with Mr. Wells, and Satan was running ahead of me. Poor Ittul Satan; oo sweet doggle! Well, what do you think that woman did? She actually kicked the dog. Just fahncy!" "She did?" cried the elder excitedly. "What

did you do?" "Under the circumstahnces, what could I do? I just took Satan up in my arms and hugged him. Oh, he cried so, an' he was so frightened. He

trembled like a leaf." "And didn't Mr. Wells say anything?" "No, he didn't; not one word. You know he

afraid your theory is right, he said. Then he added, turning to Evelyn: "Perhaps my services would be available after all. Do you remember our conversation, Miss Johnson?"

Evelyn did remember it perfectly.
"I thought of volunteering to do the Wrestler."
Webb laughed. "Isn't that what you say on the stage? Do the Wrestler? But I got frightened when I heard Miss Finiey was running the performance. She's the terror of my life. I've tried to have her suppressed at the "Telegraph" office, but it's of no use. She's always running in little paragraphs about me."

"She's a genius in her way," said Seymour, blowing a wreath of smoke from his mouth.
"She's so unconsclous of her offences," Webb wont on. "She seems to think people want to be written about. She must have a very low opinion of human nature. Stebbins, the editor of the Telegraph, once told me that when I complained of her she said I was posing."
"But many people do like to be written about," Evelyn remarked. "I know plenty that do."
"Yes, I'm afraid that is so," Webb assented, sadly, "Besides, there 's a morbid rage for personalities nowadays, and it grows by what it feeds on. Of course, editors say that the public demands them."

"That's one of Miss Finley's expressions," said Evelyn. "I've heard her use it several times this week. The public demands the personal note,"

Evelyn. The heard her use it several times this week. The public demands the personal note; she's always saying. It's a kind of war-cry with

"But I believe the newspapers—the editors—are really to blame. The public didn't demand per-sonalities until the papers created a taste for

somalities until the papers created a taste for them."

Madge Guernsey had been silently listening to this conversation. At first she felt bewiidered; she thought that Mr. Webb was a very queer sort of person, anyway. Finally she spoke up:

"Well, I don't care. I think it's lovely to be written up in the newspapers. And I for one just adore personal gossip."

They all burst out laughing, and Madge was covered with confusion.

"Well, I must say I like your frankness, Miss Guernsey," said Webb.

"Oh, Madge has been playing Miss Finley this week. I've been watching you, Madge," Seymour exclaimed.

"Well, what if I have?" cried Madge, asserting herself again. "It's all business, ain't ju?"

ing herself again. "It's all business, ain't Jt?"
Mrs. Cohn patted Madge approvingly on the
back. "Oh, you're delightful," she said.
The night was clear and warm; there was no

moon, but the sky was thick with stars. Sey-mour proposed that they all go for a sail; but Evelyn shook her head, and the novelist excused mimself on the plea that he was expected home "The girls have stayed for the performance."
he said. "They're immensely excited over it.
They've been reading the play aloud with me.

They've been reading the play aloud with me. It's very amusing to see them try to imitate you, Miss Johnson. Emily really reads very well." Evelyn acknowledged the compliment with a smile, and then turned to Seymour: "I don't think we'd better go out to-night; we might get some of the dampness in our throats. I need all the voice 4 have for to-morrow."

Mr. Holden had come trembling out of the screen door to the plazza, and as his wife happened not to be with him, Ned at once seized upon him.

"I want to introduce Mr. Webb to you," Ned cried in the old man's ear. "Mr Webb," he said

pened not to be with him, Ned at once seized upon him.

"I want to introduce Mr. Webb to you," Ned cried in the old man's ear. "Mr Webb," he said in a lower tone, "this is Mr. Holden, who came to Cohassett forty years ago. If you want to please him ask him if he has ever been here before."

Mr. Webb politely acted on Ned's suggestion and for at least the thirtieth time since his arrival at Appleby Terrace, the old man told his story. It had become such a joke that when it was finished the whole group roared with laughter. Mr. Webb looked mystified and just as Mrs. Holden appeared and carried off her charge, Ned explained the real cause of the merriment.

"Miss Finley could work that up beautifully," said Webb.
"I guess I'll tell it to her," Ned remarked with

a laugh.
"No, please don't," cried Evelyn. "It would be mean. It's very cruel of you to make fun or the old man any way, Ned."
"But he likes it. There's no pleasure he en-

said Madge, looking at Ned, half admiringly. "He'd make a great low comedian."

"My tastes run to tragedy," said Ned loftlly. They continued to sit in the half-light chatting desultorily. Webb, in spite of being expected at home, seemed to be in no hurry to leave. He and Seymour fell to taiking about sports, in which both were interested. In his earlier years Webb said he had been devoted to wrestling and sparring, and he had done something with the foils, too; but since his marriage he had given most of those things up. It was a pity; a man ought to take some regular exercise; he had been thinking a little of going in for it again—he was getting too stout. Perhaps Seymour would come up some day and they would try the foils. Seymour fenced, of course, Yes, it was great sport. It seemed strange that it should be so neglected in this country. In England they appreciated it properly. Seymour was an Englishman, wasn't he? No, it wasn't his accent that made Webb think so; it was more his manner, his bearing.

The lights down on Nantasket Beach were just

that made Webb think so; it was more his manner, his bearing.

The lights down on Nantasket Beach were just beginning to flare when they noticed in the dusk a woman's figure walking nervously up the Jerusalem road. As it approached Appleby Terace they recognized Miss Finley. She was always in a hurry; but Evelyn saw from her manner that she was laboring under unusual agitation. When she saw the group sitting on the plazza, she waved her hand and panted:

"Oh, Mr. Seymour, I'm so glad I've found you at last."

They all rose to greet her and without stopping

They all rose to greet her and without stopping for formalities, she threw herself into one of the rockers and as she tried to catch her breath she fell to rocking and to fanning herself fran-

tically.

"Is that you, Mr. Webb?" she said at last,
"Excuse me for not speaking. I didn't notice
you." Webb simply bowed and they all waited
in silence for her to go on.

"Oh," she gasped "I'm in such a predicament. That dreadful Mr. Arkwright has played
res falsa."

one spoke. They all surmised what was "He's carried Mr. McGuirk off. Ain't it a

shame!" she cried, forgetting in her excitement her lioston English. "He found him then," said Evelyn, feeling that ust dispel the chill of the journalist's re-

ception.

"Yes, he found him. Mr. McGuirk had just gone back to the Bellingham for a minute—to get a drink. It was warm, and he was thirsty. And just for that he was carried back to Scituate an hour ago. Oh, I've been so excited about it. I don't know what we shall do. I've been hunting all over the hotel for you, Mr. Seymour. Just as I was giving you up in despair, Miss Gordon said she thought you might be over here."

here."

"Well, here I am," Seymour laughed. "So McGuirk started off on a spree, did he? That's just what I thought."

"No, he didn't!, cried Miss Finley indignantly; "Mr. McGuirk explained it to me himself. He just wanted a drink or two."

"To relieve his thirst," said Seymour smilingly, "Yes," He felt awfully sorry about it. He's a perfect gentleman, even if he is a puglist. I like him very much. He gave me his autograph, But that Arkwright I despise. If you could have heard the way he talked about Mr. McGuirk. He actually swore—right in my presence, too."

"Dear me!" cried Seymour, in a tone that came

"Dear me!" cried Seymour, in a tone that came very near making the others burst out laughing. But Miss Finley was too excited to think of anything but her own affairs.
"He said Mr. McGuirk had taken ten drinks, and those ten drinks would perhaps cost him the fight. Did you ever hear of anything so foolish? Mr. McGuirk assured me on his honor as a gentleman that he had only taken two. You know how reserved he is with ladies usually. Well, he was real friendly with me—I think he kind of took a fancy to me—and he talked a lot. He kept saying over and over again that he'd only had two glasses. And I, for one, believe him."

Seymour and Webb exchanged glances; but neither spoke.
"Well, what are you going to do?" cried the journalist despairingly, after a pause. "You

my blood tingle to think of L. When sport. It give you a hard fight," he added with a laugh to Seymour.

"I should like that," Seymour smiled back.
"Will you? Will you?" Miss Finley cried eagerly, tilting forward in her chair. Webb hest through too much zeal.

"Well, I will," he said as if the decision had cost him an effort and yet was a relief.

Miss Finley rocked furiously for joy, "Oh, thank you, thank you!" she cried. "You'll be ever so much better than even Mr. McGuirk."

"But you mustn't make a feature of it. Miss Finley."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't think of such a thing," she replied quickly.

Her point gained, she soon hurried away. "I've got to run over to Mrs. Stevenson's for a while to see that everything is all right," she explained. "Goodby, goodby. It's going to be a grand success. Hundreds of tickets have been sold aiready. Goodby," she cried again, as she almost ran along the road. "I'm so much obliged, Mr. Webb. It's just lovely of you!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Next morning Madge woke early and, jumping that of hell ran eagerly to the window. "Oh, it's "You're the one that married the Jew, aren't world her forced smile could not hide.

"To heard of you," Jane Marshall said, looking at Mrs. Cohn, in a tone implying that what she had heard was not very creditable. "Tindeed?" said Mrs. Cohn, with a half-frightened glance which her forced smile could not hide.

"You're the one that married the Jew, aren't

out of bed, ran eagerly to the window. "Oh, it's raining?" she cried, peering into a gray mist.

"Raining?" Evelyn repeated, sleepily. "Yes, ain't it a shame! They'll have to put off

"Is it raining hard?"

"No, just kind of misting." "What time is it?"

Madge looked at Evelyn's little gold watch, a present from her "Tricked by Fate" associates, that was lying in its case on the bureau. "Twenty minutes of seven."

"Then I think it will clear up. It's often misty here early in the morning. If it were 9 o'clock I should be afraid."

Evelyn's surmise proved to be correct. The rain soon ceased to drizzle and the sun quickly burned away the mist. At breakfast Mrs. Cohn congratulated her two friends on the excellence of the weather; Mrs. Cohn was much more exof the weather; Mrs. Cohn was much more ex-cited about the performance than either Evelyn tation; "the thief sent the money back. or Madge appeared to be. Evelyn looked forward to it with far more trepldation than pleasure; Madge with brilliant press notices of her triumph from the pen of Miss Finley in her mind.

"I do hope that woman will spread herself over this thing," cried the soubrette; "I intend to send my notices to Saunderson an' just rattle him. I'll make him think he's got a bonanza in me, an' perhaps he'll give me more money."

At breakfast the Coffey sisters scanned the actresses narrowly as if to discover just what their emotions were before such a momentous occasion. Ned had informed his friends that as Theodore Wells would be unable to get away from business, the sisters had arranged to attend the performance with the Jordans.

Seymour called a little before noon; most of the morning he had spent with Oswald Webb, practising for the wrestling bout in a secluded spot on Webb's grounds. He asked Evelyn if she was nervous, and she showed the tension of her teelings by pressing her line by the large of the webb's grounds. Aunt Jane meditated for a moment with a blackfeelings by pressing her lips together and nodding in reply. Madge, however, declared that she wasn't in the least rattled. If she only sid Webb.

"I guess I'll tell it to her." Ned remarked with looked all right, she wouldn't care. But she didn't feel sure of her makeup in the open air. Mrs. Cohn, however, would see that she did hernean. It's very cruel of you to make fun or he old man any way, Ned."

"But he likes it. There's no pleasure he enoys more than telling that story. That's why encourage him to tell it. I'm a philanthropist, am."

"Wouldn't he guy though if he was an actor?"

She wasn't in the least rattled. If she only looked all right, she wouldn't care. But she didn't feel sure of her makeup in the open air.

Mrs. Cohn, however, would see that she did herward was in my house last winter—the one that sued General Isenbeck for breach of promise. She betrayed some nervousness by dancing up and down on the plazza and laughing hysterically at was in high glee at the prospect of the afternoon's fun.

Seymour overflowed with enthusiasm for Oswald Webb's prowess as an athlete. "He's a scorned information from no one."

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder.



Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of Sold Everywhere.

"No; I've got a new cook and I have to look

"No; I've got a new cook and I have to have a fiter her sharp."

When her aunt had made her farewells and had taken herself off, Evelyn sighed. Mrs. Cohn silently busied herself in shaking out the train of the heavy robe that Rosalind wore in the

"What a lovely place your aunt's boarding-house must be—a real home," cried Madge, satirically. "How the boarders must adore her." "Perhaps that's what's soured her," said Mrs.

"Perhaps that's what's soured her," said Mrs. Cohn, vaguely.

Evelyn made a striking appearance in her yellow brocade gown, with a broad ruff around the neck, and Madge, in her little straw hat and short peasant's dress, was an idylie rustic. Mrs. Cohn was delighted with the result of her efforts; she had refused the assistance of Mrs. Stevenson's maid, for she wanted all the credit of her friends' adornment for herself.

When they left the tent they found several of the performers walking about under the trees where they were sheltered from the audience. Nearby, Harold Seymour and Oswald Webb were chatting with Mr. McGonigle; the costumed group looked so peculiar in the open air that

group looked so peculiar in the open air that Evelyn and Mrs. Cohn couldn't help laughing. "Are you making fun of us?" Webb asked with a smile. In the rough garb of the Wrestler

he appeared larger and more robust than ever.
"It seems so odd," Mrs. Cohn explained,
feel as if I had strayed into another century."

"I must confess that I feel a little out of my element," said Webb, glancing down at his cos-tume. "However, it's all in the interest of

laugh.
"Oh, yes; it's a great day for Miss Finley."
"Is Mrs. Webb here?" Evelyn asked.
"Yes, she's with the girls. She's uncommonly
well to-day, and the girls are in great spirits.
They'll be immensely proud of you, I assure

"Twe got five chapters written," said Mrs. Cohn archly, holding up one hand before Webb. He looked blank for a moment. Then he cried: "Ah, that's admirable! I wish that I

were half so industrious."
"You look very stunning," Seymour half-whispered to Evelyn, "You'll steal all our

But it's for the Fresh-Air Fund," Evelyn re-

"And Miss Finley," Seymour added, with a

wonderful chap," he cried, "not in the least like some of the literary swells I've met in New-York. He's as strong as a horse. He fairly lifted me off my feet when we started in for a trial bout. It'll be a farce—my throwing him this afternoon. In an out-an'-out scrap I couldn't down him to save my neck."

"Have you arranged it all," Evelyn asked, "the business of the wrestling?"

"Yes, we've got it all planned out. We're going to make it very realistic. It'll tickle Miss Finley to death. By the way, did you know she'd announced that Webb was going to take McGuirk's place? It's in this morning's "Telegraph.' Webb was wild. She must have telegraphed it last night."

was wild. She must have telegraphed it last night."

"But she promised," cried Evelyn; "she promised she wouldn't announce it."

"No, she didn't," said Mrs. Cohn quickly; "I took particular pains to notice just what she did say. I thought she wouldn't let such a chance go by. She said she wouldn't make a feature of Mr. Webb—or something like that."

"But she has made a paragraph out of him," Seymour laughed, taking a copy of the "Telegraph" from his pocket and passing it to Evelyn. "Webb thought you might like to see it," he said. Miss Finley had stuck to the letter of her promise by announcing Oswald Webb's particlepation in the performance inconspicuously, at the end of a column article. Mr. Barney McGuirk, she added, had been prevented from appearing "by the exigencies of his training." It was edifying to see the names of the two men coupled in the paragraph.

ing to see the names of the two men coupled in the paragraph.
"What a miserable equivocation." Evelyn ex-claimed after reading the item aloud. "If I were Mr. Webb I wouldn't appear at all now."
"He did think of backing out," said Seymour.
"When I went there he was raving."
"But I suppose you talked him over," Evelyn

emarked.
"Exactly, I told him the Fresh-Air Fund ought of to suffer on account of her—her—"
"Deceit," Evelyn suggested.
"Her eccentricity," Seymour added with a

"Her eccentricity," Seymour added with a laugh.

Mrs. Appleby had provided an early luncheon for Evelyn and Madge and for Mrs. Cohn. She was immensely pleased that her house should be so conspicuously represented in the performance and she insisted upon helping to wait on the three herself. Attired in her Sunday afternoon black silk and white lace, she made a striking picture as she carried plates of soup and vegetables from the pantry-door to the table. Mr. Appleby, out of compilment to Evelynhe had studiously avoided Madge since their first meeting—had consented to accompany his wife to Mrs. Stevenson's; it would be a splendid opportunity for her to show him off before Cohasset and Nantasket society. As a "display" husband he had not lost all his glamour in the eyes of his wife.

The whole household, with the exception of Mr.

eyes of his wife.

The whole household, with the exception of Mr. Appieby, who was evidently absorbed in making one of his finest sartorial effects, and of the Misses Coffey, who, however, witnessed the scene from their balcony, turned out on the piazza to wish the two actresses success. Madge had made herself very popular with the boarders; she had a genius for becoming intimately acquainted with people in a brief space. Mrs. Holden was in a flutter of excitement; Seymour had already secured reserved seats for her and for her husband; she cherished a secret desire to be present while Evelyn transformed herself into a lovely fairy of the stage, to see how the magic took a fairly to me-wind hereal that pied only had sometime. So, he didn't; not one word, You know he sent like Statan. Just because Tom Jendan two hints on the fairness of t

cigar Seymour had offered him.

When the story of Mr. McGuirk's disappearance was told, he burst out laughing. "I'm afraid your theory is right," he said. Then he added, turning to Evelyn: "Perhaps my services would be available after all. Do you remember ut rour conversation, Miss Johnson?"

Evelyn did remember it perfectly.

"I think she was rather pleased with the idea." act, the audience had begun to assemble. She could hear the laughing and talking; she wondered why it was that in the open air women were so fond of screaming. Miss Finley's shrill triefly in the seemed to be constantly moving, dividing her attentions between the audience had begun to assemble. She could hear the laughing and talking; she wondered why it was that in the open air women were so fond of screaming. Miss Finley's shrill triefly moving, dividing her attentions between the audience and the could hear the laughing and talking; she wondered why it was that in the open air women were so fond of screaming. Miss Finley's shrill triefly moving, dividing her attentions between the audience had begun to assemble. She could hear the laughing and talking; she wondered why it was that in the open air women were so fond of screaming, dividing her attentions between the audience had begun to assemble. She could hear the laughing and talking; she wondered why it was that in the open air women were so fond of screaming. Miss Finley's shrill have could hear the laughing and talking; she wondered why it was that in the open air women were so fond of screaming. Miss Finley's shrill have could hear the laughing and talking; she wondered why it was that in the open air women were so fond of screaming. Miss Finley's shrill have could hear the laughing and talking; act, the audience had begun to assemble. She could hear the laughing and talking; act, the audience shad begun to assemble. She could hear the laughing and talking; act, the audience shad begun to assemble. She could hear the laughing and talking; act, the audience shad begun to assemble. She

"Then she probably won't," Mrs. Cohn re-plied, deftly swinging Evelyn's long hair into a

"You're the one that married the Jew, aren't

you?"
"Aunt Jane!" Evelyn cried.
"My husband is a Hebrew." said Mrs. Cohn,
with the look of one who sighs for the martyr's
crown and who feels pretty sure of getting it.
Aunt Jane looked superciliously around. The
expression of her face said: "What a disgusting
place!" Her voice said: "There's an awful

"I'm glad of that," Evelyn replied. "It will be a great help to the Fresh Air Fund." "H'm!" "Have you got a good seat?" Evelyn asked. She bowed. "Good enough," she said. Then after a pause, she asked, "Got your money back yet?"

yet?"

Evelyn's face flushed. For the past few days she had been so busy that she had thought very little about the pocketbook or the money-order. Aunt Jane had evidently been reading "The Telegraph."

Telegraph."

she said. "Ah! the detectives got it, then. Has the thicf been arrested?"

"What! Sent the money back? Madge laughed, as she carefully reddened her

lips.

"Well, you're a lucky girl," said Aunt Jane.

"That's all I can say. You always were a careless thing. I deciare when I read that article in
the paper I couldn't help feeling it was a judgment on you for—you know what."

"Yes, I know what. But you see it wasn't a
judgment after all."

"Well, I hope it will learn you a lesson," cried
the moralist in her unconventional English.

Evelyn was wishing that her aunt would cut
her visit short; but the call had only begun.

"Who was the woman that showed me the way
here? I know I've seen her face before."

"That was Miss Finiey," Evelyn explained,
"Miss Isabel Finiey. She's a reporter on the
"Transample." She's the one that wrote the
articles about me."

gloved finger on her lip. "Oh, I remember now. She came to see me once—to interview me. I knew I had seen her." "To interview you," Evelyn repeated, "What

Poor thing! I wish she'd marry Mr. Seymour. It would be the best thing that could happen to her. Any one can see that she's madly in love with him."

her. Any one can see that she's madly in love her. Any one can see that she's madly in love with him."

Evelyn leaned against the trunk of one of the trees; she felt faint. For a moment she thought her heart stopped beating; then the blood went thumping through her body. She stood up again and clenched her hands. How dared that woman speak so about her, in such a tone of contemptuous pity, and to her friend, too? How dared she do it? She would show her whether she could act or not. She would show her whether she could act or not. She would show her that her sympathy was quite wasted. Oh, the back-biter! To say such things under the guise of friendliness! Mrs. Cohn ought not to have listened; she ought to have stopped her! But Mrs. Cohn was always politic, she was too politic; she had a morbid fear of making enemies. But she would prove to Helen Gordon and to Mrs. Cohn, too, that she was no object of pity! A school-teacher, indeed! Now that she was on the stage—she wished that she had never been in a theatre, that she had never seen even the outside of one—but now that she was on the stage, she would let them know that she belonged there! And then, Helen Gordon's presumption in connecting her name in that way with Harold Seymour's, to speak of his marrying her as an act of charity! It was a shame, an outrage! Oh, how cruel some women could be to other women! "Well, I guess not. I wasn't going to have my house disgraced. Such brass I never saw. She told me it was my duty to tell, my duty to the public. Oh, she thought she was awful smart, but she couldn't get the best of me. I said that no such person had ever been in my house," "Hurrah!" cried Madge, as she pinned on her head Phoebe's big straw hat.

Miss Finley's visage was suddenly thrust into the tent. "We're almost ready to begin, girls. Are you all right? Oh. I'm so excited. There ain't seats enough. It's going to be a howing success."

Aunt Jane jumped from her chair. "I guess I'd better get out," she cried. Then she added, turning to Evelyn and Madge: "Well, I hope you'll get through all right. I s'pose I might as well say goodby now. I've got to go back on the 5 o'clock boat."

"Won't you stay for dinner?" Evelyn asked, with a futile effort to infuse a tone of cordiality into the Invitation.

(To be continued.)

POEMS BY ANDREW LANG. From Ban and Arrière Ban

ON CALAIS SANDS. On Calais Sands the gray began,
Then rosy red above the gray;
The morn with many a scarlet van
Leap'd, and the world was glad with May!
The little waves along the bay
Broke white upon the shelving strands;
The sea-mews flitted white as they
On Calais Sands!

On Calais Sands must man with man Wash honor clean in blood to-day; On spaces wet from water wan How white the flashing raplers play. Parry, riposte! and lunge! The fray Shifts for awhile, then mournful stands The Victor: life ebbs fast away On Calais Sands!

On Calais Sands a little space
Of silence, then the plash and spray.
The sound of eager waves that ran
To kiss the perfumed locks astray.
To touch these lips that ne'er said "Nay,"
To daily with the helpless hands;
Till the deep sea in silence lay
On Calais Sands;

Between the Iliac and the may She waits her love from alien lands; Her love is colder than the clay On Calais Sands!

LOST LOVE. Who wins his Love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall galn.
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain:
And memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her.
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray.
The flesh that yet enchains her
Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not The Love some seem to gain: The joy that custom stains not Shall still with him remain. The loveliness that wanes not. The Love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older. The lands of Dream among. Though all the world wax colder, Though all the songs be sung. In dreams doth he behold her. Still fair and kind and young.

gon.
"Nearly all of the gems secured by the various ants us to. She trades on her sex—just as a to of these newspaper women do."
"Dear me." cried Evelyn, wondering how she build get away.
"She got this thing up just for her own beneat," continued the sporting editor of "The Tele-

monstrated, determined to do Miss Finley Justice.

"The Fresh-Air Fund!" Mr. Culley repeated contemptuously, his manner growing more confidential as he warmed up in his talk. "Rats! That's just a blind. She's going to rag a lot of space out of this, and don't you forget it. An's she's goin' to get a big 'ad' for herself, too. She's goin' to get a big 'ad' for herself, too. She's got the whole Women's Press Club down here, and she expects every one of 'em to boom her for all she's worth. She makes me tired, she does. All I've done for her, too! She ain't got a spark of gratitude in her whole body."

"But the money that's made—there'll be a lot; they say a great many tickets have been soid—that will go to the Fresh-Air Fund, won't it?"

"Well, I guess there won't be much for the Fresh-Air Fund when Belle gets through with it. She's goin' to blow off the Press to a dimer down at the Bellingham, an' that'il cost somethin'. I guess she won't be stingy about the champagne. Folks never is when somebody else is payin' the bills. An' then there are the 'ads' to pay for, an' the expenses of the actors, and the costumes and a lot of other things. I guess nobody'll get any more out of it than she will."

Evelyn had no time to ponder these remarks, for the stage-manager, who had been talking with Oswald Webb—Webb was treated with great consideration, as if he were the star—announced that it was time for the performance to begin. At any rate, Miss Finley's schemes, she was determined, should not affect her acting; she would make the most of her chance. This would probably be the only time she should ever have the leading part in a Shakespearian play, Mr. Culler, and Evelyn took a place between the trees where she could get a view of the stage and the people at the same time.

The seats were crowded and the bright dresses monstrated, determined to do Miss Finley justice,
"The Fresh-Air Fund!" Mr. Culley repeated

stones: Tourmaine in New-Mexico, sapphires in Mortana, and opals in Washington, Idaho and Ores.

"Nearly all of the gems secured by the various methods of mining are either sent to the large cities in small parcels to be sold, sold as souvenirs where they are found, or sent to other localities to be sold as having been found where the country, but they are found, or sent to other localities to be sold as having been found where the country. "Diamonds are found, or sent to other localities to be sold as having been found where the country. "Diamonds are found in commercially paying quantities. The two chief diamond belts are along the southern base of the Alleghandes from Virginia to Georgia, and along the western base of the Cascada and Sierra Madre mountains in Northern California. There have also been unconfirmed reports of scartered gems found in other localities, and within a year or two considerable excitement was aroused by the reported occurrence in Contral Kentucky of mineral belts closely for the contral Kentucky of mineral belts closely for the contral kentucky of mineral belts closely for the crystalline for the contral kentucky strip bore no diamonds.

"Sapphire is found that there were important differences between this deposit and the Kimberley clay, the most vital of which was that the Kentucky strip bore no diamonds.

"Sapphire is found chiefly among the crystalline rocks along the base of the Appalachian Mountains from Chester, Mass, to Southern Georgia. The largest corundum crystal ever found, which was five times larger than any other known crystal, is now in the collection of Amherest for the washing the products of the country. It is found in several localities in New-Mexico, Newada and Arizona. Some is also obtained in Fresno Country, Cal.

"During the last two years turquoise has been actively induced the country of the mines for induced the country of the mines of the mines for induced the country of the mines of the mines for induced the country of the mines of the mines of the manufact where she could get a view of the stage and the people at the same time.

The seats were crowded and the bright dresses and parasols of the ladies gleamed in the sunshine. In the centre she discovered the Misses Coffey, surrounded by the red faces and heads of the whole Jordan family. She looked for Mrs. Webb and had some difficulty in finding her. At last, in a group seated on chairs placed on the canvass that covered the greensward, she saw the Wilson girls with their aunt between them. Mrs. Webb was tastefully dressed in lavender with a lavender bonnet, and looked brighter than Evelyn had ever seen her look before. Mrs. Webb was tastefully dressed in lavender with a lavender bonnet, and looked brighter than Evelyn had ever seen her look before.

In spite of the stage-manager's announcement, Orlando and Adam didn't make their entrance for several moments. Evelyn was so hemmed in by the trees that no one could see her; but she could see Mrs. Cohn talking with Helen Gordon—they had not been introduced, but they were conversing as if they were old friends—and she could catch glimpses a little farther away of Madge and Ned Osgood rollicking together. Helen Gordon's clear tones floated through the apertures between the tree-trunks.

"They wanted me to play Rosalind," she was saying, "but I'd never done it before, and I hated to commit the lines in hot weather. It would have been such a bore. So I said I'd do Celia for them. I've played Celia so often that it's like A B C to me. Then I knew they had asked Mrs. West to do it, and I didn't propose to take it after she'd refused it. I knew just what she'd say."

Mrs. Cohn murmured something; but as her was saying and nearly so fine as Miss Gor-

MODESTY THE REST POLICY. From The Detroit Free Press.

pose to take it after she'd refused it. I knew just what she'd say."

Mrs. Cohn murmured something; but as her elecution was not nearly so fine as Miss Gordon's, Evelyn couldn't hear what she said.

"Yes," Miss Gordon went on, her voice reminding Evelyn of a cool breeze on a warm day, "I feel so sorry for her. She's a lovely girl, but she hasn't much talent, you know. I can't understand why she ever went on the stage. She'd make a splendid school-teacher, don't you think so? Then I thought it would be such a chance for her. I knew Miss Finley was getting desperate; so I wrote and suggested Miss Johnson for the part. But, of course, Evelyn doesn't suspect that. Evelyn is refined and intelligent, and I felt sure she could do it acceptably. I had to crack her up a little to Miss Finley, and I did draw a pretty long bow. But what are friends for, anyway, if they don't help each other? So that was how she got the part. I hope she'll pull through all right. But I feel so nervous for her, The tramp who was asking for his dinner was an open-faced kind of a chap who might have done better than tramping if he had started right, and the lady of the house noticed this when he preferred

the lady of the house noticed this when he preferred his request.

"I presume," she said in response to his call, "that you are willing to work for your dinner?"

"Yes, lady," he replied doubtingly.

"Well, there's a cord of wood out there in the shed, suppose you saw it up."

He took off his hat.

"Excuse me, lady," he said. "but I'm hungry enough to enjoy a much less expensive dinner than that." And the manner of the man won him a "less expensive" dinner.

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